

THE TECH



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Intervention

By Lorraine Sinsheimer

Extracts from a Diary

By Camille Mahannah

Alumni News

Vol. XXI

June

No. Nine

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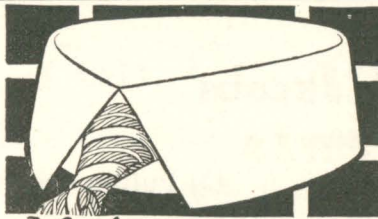
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Vol. XXI

Peoria, Illinois, June 1918

No. 9

SENIOR FAREWELL.

At Commencement time, we Seniors stop in the mad rush of life to look back upon our two years of college life. We see but two short years, but in them our lives have been developed and our ideals given a higher standard.

We must stop also to thank the members of the faculty who have been so influential in the development of our lives and ideals. We see friendships begun and acquaintances made, thanks to Bradley. As a class, and as individuals, we have enjoyed our college years and are proud of the training we received at Bradley.

On parting, the places we loved so much and tried so hard to perfectly fill, we leave to the Juniors. You will find hard work, Juniors, but also many varied and profitable experiences. When you stand on the threshold of your vocations, you, too, will look back and be proud of Bradley.

How fortunate we are to be able to graduate at this time of strife, to give to our country the true value of our excellent training received at Bradley. But what we can give is very small compared to that which the boys who have enlisted are giving. We are proud that a large number of our Senior boys have given themselves for freedom.

As students, we now must say good-bye, but we can always return to Bradley as faithful alumni. Even if we cannot, memory will keep alive in us our love for our Alma Mater. So, Bradley, this is not farewell, but *au revoir*.

APPLE BLOSSOM THOUGHTS.

A world of apple blossoms overhead,
So pink and white, with budding leaves between,
That azure sky peeps shyly through the mist,
Hanging like some rare secret undisclosed.
A wren may flutter through the bowers, and lisp
The shiver of delight he feels to brush
The tender fairy blossoms with his wings,
And, in his flight, the tinted petals shower,
Like lovely thoughts of angels wafted down;
Oh, give me thoughts so pure, so gently sweet,
Kind thoughts of others, like the petals here
That softly weave their magic everywhere.

—Esther Thompson.

THE SPY.

He gazed at the train as it started away. The man had not gotten off but still he might have seen him. Well, there was no use worrying and, shrugging his shoulders, Mr. Handler, as he registered, stooped and picked up the small black dog that had been following him and walked from the station.

It was early summer and delightfully warm and, as he walked to the hotel, Handler eyed with delight the flower girls and happy children hurrying home from an afternoon's outing with their nurses. He passed the larger hotels, and stopped in front of a quiet pension. Here he seemed to be known.

"Ah, Monsieur Handler, I see you have come back once more. And you have the sweet Jules with you. But it is good to see you again," and Madame Blonsieu beamed on her former guest.

"Well, Madame, it is good to be in Paris again, even in these times."

"Yes, Monsieur, they are hard times surely. But one must be brave and do his best for his country," and the good Madame smiled through the tears that had gathered at the mention of war.

"True. And you are a brave woman to look at affairs so. Do you still hear from your son?"

"But yes, Monsieur, he writes weekly and says he would be having a good time fighting, if so many people were not killed."

"It would make me much happier, if I could also fight, but when one has a wooden leg—"

"Oh, Monsieur, that is too bad. But you must be brave and help at home, as no doubt you are doing. But perhaps Monsieur is tired. I have your old room ready, and Robert shall take your baggage up at once."

Ten minutes later Mr. Handler stood alone in his room with the dog. He locked the door and started to pull down the shades. "No, that would be suspicious. Better leave them up. Besides he did not get off the train, and probably was not following me," he muttered, and turned to the dog. "Ah, my little Jules. I was afraid you would be separated from me on our journey—but no. Good luck still follows and I think we are safe here."

Jules barked and watched his master who opened his satchel and removed a small Bible. From between its leaves he extracted a few thin sheets of paper. He glanced through them and nodded happily. Then he lifted Jules on the table and carefully unscrewed his tail. Into its hollow compartment he fitted the papers and replaced the tail. "There, Jules, I restore to you your possessions. Who would suspect a French poodle of being a—but walls have ears, and above all one must be discreet." With a low laugh Mr. Handler patted the small black dog, who wagged his tail and barked.

"And now, my dear Jules," remarked Mr. Handler an hour later, "we will dine and dine well to celebrate our arrival in Paris. Such a thing is hard to accomplish these days." He was clad in immaculate evening clothes and looked like a young American of about twenty-five with his sunburnt face and hair. If he had a wooden leg, it could not be perceived.

On the way to the street, he stopped at the desk. "Oh, Madame, I

want to engage a room near mine for tomorrow. My sister is coming to take Jules home with her while I go to England. One cannot be bothered with a dog all the time."

"Oui, m'sieur, it shall be done as you desire," smiled the good woman.

Handler strolled down the boulevard, with the small Jules trotting behind, and at last turned into a gaily lighted restaurant where he seated himself at a small table near a window. All around were beautifully gowned women and officers of almost every country. Handler looked about and sighed contentedly. This was what he liked, music, color, laughter, and good food. "M'sieur would dine?" came the questioning voice of the waiter at his elbow.

"Yes. What have you especially good tonight for a hungry man?" queried Handler genially as he smiled at the man. "Also for a hungry dog. Jules would dine also and I leave it to your discretion, Henri. Something both good to look at and good to eat," and he waved the waiter off.

He relaxed into dreamy contemplation of the music, and did not notice when an elderly man and a beautiful young girl entered, and seated themselves at a table behind him. He would have been greatly disturbed, if he had seen the younger man, who joined them a few moments later. The conversation seemed to concern Handler, as many glances were darted in his direction. Soon, however, the latest arrival departed, and, when Handler turned, all he saw was a charming girl apparently conversing with her father. He was not interested.

Soon his meal arrived, and, after arranging a plate for Jules, by the side of the table, he started to eat. He ate leisurely and comfortably, ignorant of the fact that he was the subject of a conversation not far away. When he finished, he leaned back and called for another bottle of wine. He was feeling fine, wishing he knew someone to talk to. Then the elderly man arose and came over. "Pardon me, Monsieur, but my daughter, who is with me, has been admiring your dog. It is seldom one sees such an intelligent animal. I was wondering if Monsieur would permit her to see the dog closer. She loves animals and 'has a way with them', as they say in your country."

"Oho, I see you've got me marked. Well, you're right. I am an American. And, as for the dog, it will give me great pleasure to exhibit him to your charming daughter. Jules, do you hear? The lady likes your looks. Shall I bring him to your table?"

"If Monsieur will do so," responded the courteous Frenchman.

Seated at the other table with a bottle before him, Handler expanded. "My name's Handler," he averred; "just arrived today from New York. My sister is coming tomorrow to get Jules, as her husband is fighting, and she is lonesome. Besides a dog, especially a spoiled one like Jules, is a bother to travel with, and I'm going to London soon." All these and other facts he revealed to his interested auditors, all the while helping himself from the bottle that was kept near him.

"Oh, Monsieur, but he is a handsome fellow. Would you not like one like him, Florence?"

"Oh, father, yes. Do get me one. Mr. Handler, may I hold him? I promise not to drop and break him."

"Certainly, Mademoiselle, and do not fear. He does not break very easily," and Handler passed over Jules.

"Perhaps you are over here to enlist," suggested the Frenchman.

"No, but it isn't because I don't want to. They won't take me. I was so unfortunate as to be in an accident about two years ago, and as a result I have a wooden leg. Not very noticeable but sufficient to render me unfit."

"That is too bad, Monsieur. I know how hard it is to be unable to fight, when one wishes. I am too old," and the man sighed.

Meanwhile the girl was playing with Jules in a singular manner. She pulled his ears and played with his toes. She opened his mouth and examined his teeth while her father engrossed his guest's attention. At last she seemed satisfied, and patted the dog on the head.

Her actions were narrowly watched by a tall dark woman, at the next table. When the girl finished her examination, the woman smiled sardonically.

When at last Handler arose to go, the girl and her father arose also, and prepared to accompany him. "I have my car here, Monsieur, and it will give me great pleasure to take you home," the Frenchman had said.

The lady at the next table also got up and followed them out. Seating herself in a small coupe she gave orders to follow the larger car, containing Handler and his companions.

The two cars sped through the streets and the first car stopped in front of Handler's pension. The coupe drew up a few houses away, and the lady alighted, and walked up the street toward the place where Handler and the dog had entered, after bidding good-night to their friends. When she saw where it was she laughed. "Who would have thought fate would play into my hands like this. Staying here! It is almost too good to be true," and she entered to be greeted by Madame Blonsieu. "Oh, Mademoiselle Vaunx, I see you have returned. You have enjoyed your evening, *n'est-ce pas*."

"Very much, Madame, but I'm tired and think I shall retire now as I leave very early in the morning." So saying she passed to the elevator and entered it with Handler who had paused for a cigar. They got off at the same floor and Miss Vaunx laughed again as she entered the room across the hall from Handler's.

All was quiet that night and Handler slept well. He awoke about eight and looked for Jules. There he was on the floor, still asleep. "My good Jules, morning is here, and your mistress comes today. We must prepare for her arrival," he remarked, and whistled to the dog. Jules did not stir. Alarmed, Mr. Handler hastened across the room. Alas, there was Jules dead, with his tail gone. Terror filled Mr. Handler's mind and then he perceived a piece of paper beneath the dog's paw. He withdrew it and read:

"My dear Schmit:

"You are too careless with your dog. Don't let beautiful young ladies play with him. It breaks my heart to kill him, but it would cause disturbance if he should bark. In return for the

papers I will warn you. The French are on your track. You were with two of their secret service last night, but I got ahead of them. You'd better go while you can.

"Olga Petrovesky."

Handler was frightened and showed it. Hurriedly he dressed and stuffed his belongings in his suitcase. He grabbed his hat and turned to go, just as a thunderous knock came on the door. An impenetrable mask descended on his face and he unlocked the door to be confronted by his friends of the night before and two police officers. "Schmit, we desire your surrender and the papers," they demanded.

Schmit smiled. "You have my surrender, but as for the papers—you are too late. Russia has been before you," and he waved his hand toward poor Jules reposing on the floor.

With a cry the girl sprang forward and leaned over the dog. "They're gone!" she cried. Then she saw the note that Schmit had dropped in his haste. She read it and passed it to her father.

"Take him away," he demanded, after reading it; "we are indeed too late for the papers."

The men departed with Schmit between them, and the Frenchman turned to his daughter, who was weeping. "Oh, the poor Jules," she sobbed. "I wanted him for myself. Why should he be killed? He has done no wrong."

"He was a German spy and a traitor to his country," responded her father.

—E. D.

THE VALLEY OF PRETEND.

Oh, the valley of Pretend, the valley of Pretend,
Where sweet imagination to childhood play could lend
The charming fascination of the fairy and the knight,
The mysteries of magic, of darkness and of light.

The garden was enchanted by the toad, a wicked witch,
And every child who entered was imprisoned in the ditch
Where snakes abode, but dragon flies, good fairies were, you know;
Enchanted princes were the bees, that murmured sweet and low.

The singing of the katydids and crickets was the band,
That whispered lovely music in that happy fairyland;
The larkspurs stood like soldiers, flower cups were the homes
Of lady-bug, and beetles, pale butterflies, and gnomes.
Sunflowers were happy people, who made all others glad,
While the graceful weeping birches made the garden folk feel sad;
I was the small magician, whose power could extend,
Thro' the boundaries of our garden, in the valley of Pretend.

—Esther Thompson.

EPTRACTS FROM A DAIRY OF A BRADLEY STUDENT.

Monday, May 13.

What an ominous appearing date to be obliged to record upon your peaceful pages, little book, along with so many pleasant ones. Why, early this morning when I sleepily gazed from the shoe which I was attempting to lace, to the calender on my desk, and caught sight of Monday, May the thirteenth, I fairly shuddered. Of course, I am not superstitious, and that shudder was only due to some premonition of the coming evils of the day.

Those evils began when by some little twist of Fate, I was late to my seven-twenty class. Here the lesson fitted in admirably with the day, for we discussed a dry chapter on sentence interest. Even in History class we rambled through the dreary chapters of Jackson's war on the bank. During the morning the sun did try to be amiable and brightened up the after-Sunday world, but at last about noon-time, apparently dissatisfied with her results, withdrew her face, and soon rain drops fell in a steady patter.

Miss Misfortune is not a selfish damsel, and bestows amply whenever she chooses to bestow. 'Ere long I was painfully aware that one of my teeth was calling for attention, probably due to the customary noon-time indulgence of drug-store candy. Ah, then I had visions of the most unwelcome of all friends, the dentist.

Missing the car after a desperate dash and after being compelled to stand for ten minutes until the raindrops trickled in a little stream from my hat, I finally reached the dentist's office. Here the experiences were too painful to relate.

In conclusion, I would say, little book, that you and I have no kind remarks for Monday, so we will banish her from our thoughts, at least for six or seven days, and hope that the tomorrow will be a true May day.

Tuesday, May 14.

How unpleasant it is to discover a sticky, damp fog comfortably settled over the town, when you open your door in the morning with the expectation of greeting a sunny day! Don't we all feel like shutting the door and scurrying back to the fire? We do, but, alas, the remembrance of a seven-twenty class stings us, and we bang the door and hurry down the walk. These thoughts ran through my mind this morning, but they were all forgotten by the time we reached the down-town district. Peoria in a fog! A confusion of automobile horns and teamsters' voices greeted our ears. Our car crept along, now dodging a wagon, now stopping short before a chugging motorcycle. At last, after skillfully picking our way, we reached a side street, and gained the Main street hill. When we arrived at the top, the sun was scattering its warmest beams, and the morning was bright and clear. The hill-top was enjoying a true May morning; the fog hadn't marred its brightness. At school the classes all passed off in a credible manner. Tuesday is such a business-like day that we should feel guilty if we didn't make some recompense for Monday's recitations. So, you see, little book o' mine, a school day is rather uneventful. I did, however, in

the course of the day, observe one picture that I can't erase from my memory. It was noon, and the soldiers had received those most precious of all treasures, "letters from home". How the boyish faces brightened as the flaps of the envelopes were hurriedly torn, and their eyes viewed the many pages. "How happy they all are," I thought, but stopped suddenly. Here and there throughout the crowd of soldiers I noticed a number of lads who regarded their companions enviously. Those boys had no letters. Disappointment, sadness—ah, little book, it was then that I wished that I were a Molly-Make-Believe or a fairy god-mother, and could, by one turn of my magic wand, pack those boys' pockets with letters! Living in such a matter-of-fact world, however, I can only feel the deepest sympathy for those letterless soldiers, and whisper my longings to an ever-attentive little red book.

Wednesday, May 15.

Today has been such a glorious day that I just felt like tossing aside my books and roaming through the orchard, whose leafy branches have been tapping this alluring invitation on my window pane: "Come out! Our blossoms have gone, but the violets and blue bells await you at our feet." Why couldn't I leave my books on this beautiful day? Wasn't this spring-time excuse justifiable:

"I meant to do my work today,
But a brown bird sang in the apple tree,
And a butterfly fluttered across the lawn,
So what could I do, but go,
So what could I do, but go,
But laugh and go?"

I started up, but the stern recollection of an examination on the Constitution of the United States made me sink back upon my chair. I hurriedly opened my old History book, into whose closely-printed pages I have delved so deeply, that I can scarcely distinguish these words as I write them. What—the clock strikes twelve! A seven-twenty class! Good-night, little book.

Thursday, May 16.

Where is the student who doesn't breathe a little sigh of relief when Thursday night lessons are finished? Tomorrow is Friday! Tomorrow night, Friday night! Ah! visions of the dance, movies, or "real play" float before her eyes. Then, Saturday is coming with its offer of an afternoon of tennis, and another evening of pleasure. At last, most welcome gifts of all are Saturday and Sunday mornings, with no seven-twenty classes. Why, she can "*faire la grasse matinee*" until mother's voice reminds her that the clock is striking ten. As for Monday's lessons, well, perhaps a few hours of hard study can be inserted, as she has so much time.

All of these expectations crowded into my mind, as I drowsily conjugated French verbs this morning, and gazed out longingly across the sunny, green campus. I, then, firmly resolved to finish every lesson, tonight, and

to welcome our week-end holidays with a clear conscience. Now, happy to relate, I have completed every assignment. Oh, Friday's classes always seem short and in the afternoon—I do hope the Apollo is good!

Camile E. Mahannah.

INTERVENTION.

"Buenas noches, senorita." "Buenas noches, señor." "Good night." "Good night."

And so he was leaving her—he, the dashing gentleman lover, a potent political influence among the Mexicans of the lower end. To be wooed as Paquita was, by the acknowledged king of the unlearned "peons" (as the Mexican greasers are called) was indeed worth something. But to be entrusted with his secrets—ah! that was more than overwhelming honor.

They had just returned from the Cinco de Mayo (5th of May) celebration at San Pedro Park.

"How beautiful you look tonight," he had said as they started out. And her glossy black hair shone brighter and her jet eyes matched the rings that dangled from her shapely ears.

"Paquita," Pablo had asked, "can you keep something quiet—something that means much to me?"

How prompt had been her answer.

"You see, it's this way," Pablo hurried on. "The Carranza people in Mexico need arms and ammunition—and need it quickly. The U. S. won't give them. It's up to us."

"What—what do you mean?" Paquita gasped, feeling herself reel as she spoke.

"I mean this and this only." He had unconsciously grabbed her wrist and taken on guttural tones that bespoke a daring, a rash trusting to Fate. "You know I—well, my gang elected the mayor of this place. He's on our side. We've got all but one man of the council. That's to hush things up—once we've done *the thing*." Then drawing closer, "The arsenal's to be robbed tonight. Dominguez and I have succeeded in getting a gang, and Flores is going to see that the regular officers are nowhere near at 1:30 tomorrow morning."

"Pablo, Pablo, you mustn't. It would mean prison—death—if they find out."

"You just let me worry about that, chiquilla. Chapa's seen to the booze part. That'll fix the guards. As for the get-away, once we've got what we're after, trust Gomez to arranging that." And even in the semi-darkness, a sardonic smile of satisfaction was twisting itself into the brown skin.

"But why do you tell me? Why, oh why?" Never before had she been torn like this, between love and duty. The experience was new. This was truly her crucial moment.

"Because," and now both wrists were in his firm, convulsive grasp, "your part in this is to keep 'el padre' at home tonight. Twice he's set his tribe of bloodhound patriots on my heels, but he'll not do it again, or

by—" The clenched fist dropped. "I beg your pardon," he finally stammered. "But I'm angry at your father. Good reason, too. He's spotted us. How, I don't know. But the result's the same. If we can't carry this through tonight, it's off for good and my gang will have to skip the country. Well?"

"And I'm to keep my father at home so that you can do this—this dastardly act? Oh, I can't, I can't." She dropped down on one of the park benches.

"Listen, dear Paquita." He had assumed his blandest air and taken a place at her side. "You know I love you. I want to marry you. If this goes through, I'm a rich man. If it doesn't—" He gave the characteristic shrug that American education, or rather American association, had taught him.

"Take me home, Pablo, now—at once. I must think. Never, never have I felt like this before. Is it a dream that you have been whispering?"

"No, Paquita," Pablo had sternly assured her, "it is cold fact. Come, let us go, since you wish it."

And here she was, sitting on the step of her adobe house where he had left her. Creeping to her father's room, she had heard snores—sufficient evidence of its occupancy. Now she dully waited, waited, *waited*.

A flash; a crash; a few drops; another; and another; others swept through the sky. Scurrying to shelter, she heard peal after peal break from the excited elements. Then, suddenly a tree was attacked by the electric flashes. She turned away. When again she looked, a rent had been made in the trunk. How steadily the fury of Heaven continued, as if an angry Power was enraged at the choice land of His designing.

Pablo, in the interim, was vainly attempting to plod a way to the "junta", as the Mexican *hangout* was officially known. The storm, bent on destruction, was insanely keeping step with the evil man. He had provided himself with an umbrella that was now of little protection, as is any human contrivance against the force of God?" He walked four steps with his head bowed to the wind; laboriously added three to it; now the court house was in sight. Just around the corner and he would be there.

But what was that sudden shock that sent itself through his body, bearing him sprawling to the slushy pavement? How long he lay there he never knew. The first beam of consciousness told him that he was in one of a long row of white beds. A nurse held a cloth over his eyes and a doctor, or someone, bent over him. The next words in the one-sided conversation dispelled all doubt as to the speaker's being a medicine man, though he might have been a judge pronouncing some prisoner's doom:

"Yes, it's a rare case, but he's totally blind—for life," he added in a whisper, "unless the day of miracles is born again."

And a girl waited, till the morning's papers brought notice of the storm's wreckage and the storm's toll.

And a few—a knowing few—wondered the reason for the abandonment of the daring design on the arsenal.

—Lorraine Sinsheimer.

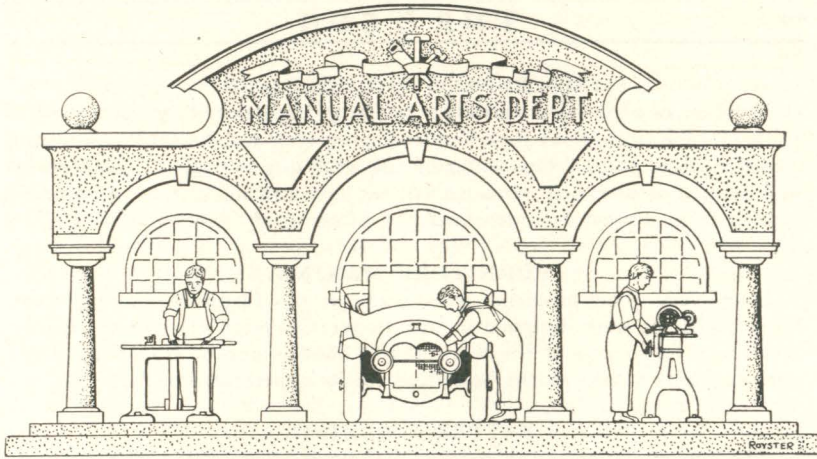
HOMEWARD.

Back to Indiana, across the border line,
Back, where the Wabash's flowing,
And myriad flowers are mine;
Time cannot speed too swiftly,
Tho' the days pass happily by,—
The voice of home is calling,
And I must thither fly.

Back to my Hoosier kingdom,
And that city grand and fair,
Its treasured spots, and friendships,
Oh, I shall be happy there.
Glad to be in its portals,
As the prodigal son rejoiced,
To hear the sparkling fountains,
And my welcome there be voiced.

Back from lonely prairies and hills of Illinois,
Where tasseled corn is waving,
And the river is endless joy;
These will I leave behind me,
For never can they compare
With my own loved Hoosier landscape,
Familiar, beloved, and fair.

—*Esther Thompson.*



Edited by Howard E. Kelly and Ernest R. Stotler.

THE COMMERCIAL ART CLASS.

Those in the Commercial Art class are fast becoming past masters in the field of commercial design. Their final problem of the year is a poster, not just to be filed away in the freehand drawing office, but to take their place in competition with all the shouting voices of modern advertising, and to do their part in actually soliciting business.

Through special arrangement with the advertising department of Block & Kuhl, posters done by Bradley students will take their place in the show windows at the corner of Adams and Fulton streets. This work will probably be completed on about the tenth of June. Men's summer apparel and outing goods will be featured in the designs.

Thus the final problem of the course presents not only the technical considerations of color as applied to advertising design and the special demands of poster style, but also the inspiration of a piece of work executed for an actual practical purpose.

GENERAL SCHOOL EXHIBIT AT SPRINGFIELD.

A general exhibit of school work at Bradley Institute is to be arranged soon, probably during the closing week of school. This exhibit will then be taken to the centennial exhibit at Springfield this fall. It will consist of such articles as photographs of drawings and shop problems, which are mountable on wire frames or cases. The amount of wall space which was allotted to Bradley Institute was about fifteen by twenty-one feet.

The class in carpentry for the soldiers of Camp Bradley has been working on several problems. The closed entrance to the garage which is located in the east end of the South Manual Arts Building is one which is about finished. This appears to be a fine piece of construction. The soldiers not only put up the frame building, but also did the excavating and the concrete work. They are now working on a building at the east end of the Bradley Gymnasium which is to be used as additional barracks for the soldiers.

CONCERNING THE SOLDIERS.

The men who are now stationed at Camp Bradley will leave about the tenth of June and about four hundred more men will be sent here about the fifteenth of June. This is during the week of graduation. The second allotment of soldiers will remain until the fifteenth of August and a third number from August fifteenth until the fifteenth of October.

FURNITURE MAKING.

Some very good problems were made in the furniture making class. These problems were designed in Mr. Bennett's design class of the winter quarter. The success of the work of this class is due both to the careful workmanship of the student body and to the supervision of Mr. Johnson.

PATTERN MAKING.

The aim of the course in pattern making is to teach the best methods of handling stock, and tool manipulation. This work is closely connected with machine drawing as a pattern maker has to be able to read a machine drawing. It is also closely correlated with elementary bench work or cabinet making, and also with wood turning, as many patterns are of this nature. This turning, however, is somewhat different from the ordinary wood turning because all of the turned patterns must be made accurately and straight, while in the other, the object in view is to produce graceful curves and a clean finish. The work is yet more closely connected with foundry practice. The pattern maker may be classed as a tool maker since he makes tools by which the foundrymen make the moulds. The skillful working out of a pattern involves a knowledge of machine shop practice so that the maker will have some idea of how the casting is to be held to be finished.

Then there are several other things to be thought of, such as the shrinkage of the various metals in cooling, the tendency of some irregular castings to warp when cooling and the manner in which the pattern is to be moulded.

The course is represented by five groups or classes of patterns which deal with the various allowances. The first group takes care of the draft or that allowance which is added to a pattern to enable it to be easily withdrawn from the mould. The second group deals with finish or the allowance which a pattern maker adds to a pattern to allow enough material to be taken off in the machine shop for a working face. The third group takes up coring or the method practiced by the trade in making openings or holes in castings such as T slots, circular bolt holes, etc. This group includes work in vertical, horizontal, and irregular cores. The fourth group takes up loose piece patterns such as a dovetail slide as is used on several parts of an engine lathe. The fifth group takes up hand wheels, webbed, straight spoked, curved spoked and another type as the double armed lever.

In each of the above groups the various methods of construction are discussed by the class and pattern drawings are required in the note-books.

Lecture work requires about one-sixth of the time and the other five-sixths of the time is spent in actual bench and lathe work. The pattern drawings are made outside of class hours. In the lecture work, several topics are taken up, some of which are filleting, shellacing, glueing and brading, materials used in patterns, doweling, glue sizing, and several handy devices are made to help the pattern maker to be able to work with ease.

This course offers a very practical experience as well as some fine work with wood working tools due to the degree of accuracy to which each problem must be worked out.

DRAWING 1A.

This is a course in beginning mechanical drawing for the first year Academy boys. The text used is Bennett's "Problems in Mechanical Drawing." The problems are chiefly elementary, but there are enough difficult ones to enable a student to distinguish himself if he has the inclination and ability. Just now many of the members of the class are working on developments of surfaces. A selection of these drawings will be displayed on Open Night.

NOTES.

At the present time practically all of the Normal Seniors have accepted teacher's positions for the next school year.

Robert Wilder, a Bradley alumnus, has entered the army service, being in that department devoted to psychological work. Formerly Mr. Wilder was connected with the Buffalo State Normal School.

Griffith Owens will again be a member of the Bradley faculty. He will have charge of the classes in forging during the summer session.

Much new equipment has been added to the Institute in order to aid in training the soldiers, and regular students. The third oxy-acetylene welding outfit has been purchased. An alternating current motor has been secured to be used on the city electrical system. This motor will drive a direct current generator during the time that the regular current at Bradley is shut off. By this method it will be possible to charge storage batteries continuously, irrespective of whether the Institute power plant is running or not.

There will in all probability be about 110 soldiers in the auto trades department during the next few months. Fifty of these men will be taught frame and repair work, and their work will alternate in the machine and forge shops. The other sixty men will receive instruction in driving, engine repair, and electrical work as applied in automobile construction. The added feature of the Army School for Mechanics will necessitate the securing of much additional equipment.

The descriptive geometry class has discovered a method for eliminating Kaiser Bill; *i. e.*, pass a plane through him and revolve him into H.

Proposed question for the final exam.: "Whajamean, 'H'?"

"I say, Archibald, what's a by pass?"

"That's easy, Chauncey; it's a sort of lover's lane or side door to divert circulation from the principal thoroughfare or main entrance, don't you know."

"What a perfectly lucid explanation. I was wondering why Mr. Hurff has that sign on the door of his shop: 'Enter by pass only.'"

WANTED TO KNOW—

What became of that telephone call?—Hazel Beeler.

Who lost the skirt?—The forge shop soldiers.

The distance from Menominee, Wis., to Menominee, Mich., and where Stout Institute is located?—Several M. A. Seniors.

How the M. A. Seniors expect to keep discipline in their classes next fall?—Everybody in general.

Who put all that stuff about me in The Tech?—Vera Stamp.

When Dale is going to get a furlough?—Vera K.

What's the use of a gumption board?—J. Rindsberg.

Whether one can have a vertical shadow on a horizontal plane?—The Descript. Class.

When this, the June Tech, is in the reader's possession, the work of the editors of this department will be practically over as far as news gathering is concerned. The end of the school year is a time of summing up, so naturally we look back over the work accomplished or the opportunities neglected. It is also a time in which to give just credit to those deserving it. Hence, in order to avail ourselves of this opportunity, we wish to express our appreciation of the assistance given us by those interested in this department, and particularly that rendered by the members of the faculty. Without such co-operation, the task of editing this department would have been decidedly more difficult to accomplish. Again we wish to acknowledge our indebtedness to those who have contributed in the interests of the normal student body.

—*The Editors of the Manual Arts Dept.*

The Normal Class in elementary woodworking are taking wood-turning this quarter. They turned out their first practical pieces rather early in the course in the form of mallet handles for Mr. Neill's department. This is an example of co-operation of departments which is very desirable. The Seniors have almost completed the turning work which they needed in the class in furniture making.

The Junior Normals are assembled under Mr. Elwood this quarter for two hours each day in drawing 14. The work thus far taken up has been blackboard drawing. The effect of the war is very noticeable on this class as there are only eleven students this year where there were some twenty-five or thirty last year. The work, however, is much the same.



Edited by Alfred Rush.

THE SPRINGFIELD TRIP.

About thirty-five Horological students made the annual Springfield trip on Friday, May 10th. The crowd arrived in the Capitol City about 11 o'clock. The Capitol building was invaded first of all, and several interesting sights were seen. The next place to suffer the attack was the Illinois Hotel Cafeteria, after which the Illinois Watch Factory was visited. Every Horolog went through that place with eyes peeled, ears wide open and head crammed full. It required three hours to satisfy the little band of Horologs, and several stayed over night to go through the place the next morning. The employes and employers showed everybody the best of cordiality during the trip through the factory, and the fellows fully agreed that the factory not only contained watches, but a good many attractive girls as well. The crowd was next shown through the Observatory, where the time is taken accurately, as it is in Washington, D. C. The next stop was at Lincoln's monument. Several wound their way up to the top of the monument, from where a good view of Springfield could be taken. After leaving the monument, the "eats" was next considered, and after a much-needed supper, the return to Peoria was made. The crowd was kept moving every minute they were in Springfield, and a great deal was seen and accomplished. Prof. C. R. Hart was in charge of the party and a very fine leader he made.

The Horological Department was represented in the recent "Little 19" conference track and field meet, held on the Bradley cinder path and field. Hartman, who bore number 13, was the only Bradleyite to cop a first in the meet. Charles hurled the javelin for a distance of 150 feet 1 inch, which was six feet short of the conference record. Hartman was just warming up when he made that distance in the last throw, and we are positive, should he have had three more tries, that the conference record would have gone into splinters. Roach was in both hurdles, after a week and a half of training.

Here's a good one for the little Blue Book: While trying to put a main-spring in his watch, Pinochle asked Joe if he had to vibrate the main-spring. Is there any good reliable Horolog that can clearly and decisively answer Pinochle's baffling question, and assure him peace of mind?

The Horologs that returned from Springfield on the late car would like to know what Paddle was dreaming of.

The Horologs, although small in number, can sure make their presence known. Peoria's main streets knew, by the sound of things, that the Horologs ruled the down-town section, the night of May 3rd. Ask the bunch that participated. Mac was trueing hair-springs, the next morning, by looking at them. Paddle, who tried to console Mac the previous night, lived through Saturday morning in fairly good shape, considering Mac's attitude toward Paddle's would-be fatherly attentions. Paddle surrendered to Mac in vain.

John Wenger of Victoria, B. C., has completed his model watch, which which has caused John so many restless nights, as well as disagreeable days, but it is completed, and John is again his real self. It is rumored that John will offer the movement at auction, some future date, the proceeds to go towards the Horologs' coming dry campaign. A voice from across the room, one day, informed John to shake out the ashes, when he was winding the watch.

NEWCOMERS.

John M. Sorenson, Fremont, Neb.
Chestley B. Marshall, Macon, Ga.
C. M. Benjamin, Jackson, Ohio.
H. E. Matson, Paullina, Iowa.
Olie Myers, Des Moines, Iowa.

The following men have left school since the last issue of The Tech:
D. Cullen Fischer left for his home in Flemmingsburg, Ky.
E. McAdow left for Kenton, Ohio.
Jerome Higgins left for South Haven, Mich.
Harry McGuire left for LaPorte, Ind.
E. Wiatt left for Geary, Okla., where he will swing his store in big league style.
F. C. Bartlett left for Eugene, Ore.
George M. Fox left for his home in Buffalo. After a short visit with his parents, Red will go to Warren, Ohio, to work for his uncle in a jewelry store until September, when Red will return to Bradley.
D. D. Graff left for his home in Elkhorn, Wis.
Emil Wuerch will work in this section for a short time before returning to his home in Yakima, Wash.

Louie, the Milwaukee Kid, says: "You will never miss Schlitz, until Milwaukee goes dry." (It's a long way off, Pete.)

Jim Bader says he is very fond of taking the fellows of Bradley Hall downtown????

To hear Shorty speak of Havre, Mont., is about as amusing to the fellows as a man is, trying to sell hair tonic on a downtown corner. (Don't you care, Al—we can't all live in fast towns.)

Nothing but standardized steps and dances, THE HOLLY STUDIO, 309 S. Jefferson Ave

Occasionally a song writer pops into the public limelight. This is the latest:

(As sung by W. H. M.)

"There's a city whose star
Sends its radiance far,
A city, the fairest and best;
You'll hear of its glory,
In song and in story,
Tacoma—the rose of the West."

(He has good sense, nevertheless.)

—
This is what happens and what we see, when Al smokes a cigar: First you smell the smoke, then you see the cigar, then you hear his socks, and last of all you see Al.

—
We all wonder if Herman Folkers has found a pivot stretcher for Mr. Brown.

—
For Sale—A nice young man, slightly damaged by fire (and) water. See Red for particulars.

—
Jim Bader says he always tries to go with girls by the same name. There is a possibility of Jim making a slip and speak of Ruth and be thinking of a different Ruth.

—
Some girl down town said to Graff: "You have enough cheek for another row of teeth."

—
Tacoma, the "Rose of the West" (while pivoting)—"Gee, but it's a good thing I have a pleasant disposition, otherwise it would be impossible for me to do this work."

—
If Izetta hurried around the corner, would Spud Rush?

—
"Gee, I like to go around with my dad," remarked Benny, one day, to a very dear girl friend of his. "He always pays the bills."

"So would I," she replied.

"But he's married," retorted Ben.

"I should think he ought to be."

—
Paddle informs us that he likes going to the river excursions. He doesn't like to dance any place else; besides there is no room for his feet, and he can hang them over the railing and be comfortable.

—
Did you hear the debate between Mr. Anderson and the janitor?

—
Does Andy break your graver-point, Shorty, every time you talk to Pauline?



Domestic Science Notes

Edited by Emily Bennett and Grace Ainslie.

ADVICE TO JUNIORS.

By Various Lend-a-Hand Seniors.

Costume Design.

Dear Junior maids, when you aspire
To try costume designing,
Just whack 'em out, and sew 'em up
And waste no time repining.
Don't make your waists too tight for fleas
Nor of elephant proportions;
Don't cut both sleeves for the same arm
If you desire promotion.
Don't try to make your costumes chic
Enough for Paris dances
But love your dummy, fit her well,
And so improve your chances.

—T. E.

Quantity Cooking.

Oh, Junior girls, 'tis well to learn
From Senior girls' distresses—
I tell to you with some concern
Two things you should remember:

To watch the oven tremblingly
Lest one cake be too brown,
And taste the salt quite well to see
It be not used for sugar!

—K. M.

Dignity.

Make dignity your watchword
When you are Seniors grand;
Stiffen your spinal column
And let your brains expand;
Use mighty sounding diction
And bluff your way in class;
Don't stoop to childish pastimes,
Chew gum, or cut, alas,
For you'll be practice teachers,
Teaching to cook and sew,
So everything that's cultured
You must pretend to know.

—Tommy.

Farewell to Seniors.

Out of school life into life's school
The mighty Seniors pass,
With many conquests, many duels,
Victor'ous to the last.

Of your joys and of your sorrows
We can only guess
But in the tasks of your tomorrows
We wish you great success.

—*A Bunch of Junior Normals.*

COLLEGE CONSERVATION CLASS.

For the last month and a half the college girls not specializing in domestic economy have been taking a lecture course in conservation under the leadership of Miss Day. This class is held Wednesday and Thursday mornings at chapel time. The course is made out by the Food Administration to be given to all college girls, for they consider that this group should know and be able to teach others the reasons why we must conserve, and the intelligent way to do it. The girls first studied a little dietetics in order to learn the functions of the various foods and where it is not dangerous to substitute. Now they are taking up the wheat, sugar, fat, and meat situations. At the end of the course an examination will be sent out by the Food Administration and those who pass will receive a certificate signed by Mr. Hoover.

P. D. BANQUET.

Wednesday, May 29th, the P. D. have their annual banquet. The Senior girls' quantitative cooking class are to be the cooks and are planning a fine three-course dinner which the town girls will serve.

Walk-Over Shoes

FOR MEN AND WOMEN

ALBERS WALK-OVER SHOE SHOP

107 SOUTH ADAMS STREET



Edited by Mary Beeman.

1916

Ruth Anderson is teaching this year at Taylor University, Upland, Ind. She is planning to go on with the work required for a B. S. degree in the near future.

Amy Barnes is instructor in domestic science at Union Christian College, Merom, Ind.

Bruce Clark writes from Camp Sherman, Ohio. He is in the field artillery battalion.

Helen Conway continues her effective work at the Elmwood schools.

Cora Gordon is teaching the Orange Prairie school.

Hermabelle Hanson continues her domestic economy teaching in Moline, Ill.

Anna Kellum took work at the U. of Wisconsin last summer. She is now supervising the girls' clubs at Mooresville, Ind., under the extension department of Purdue University.

Edna Lucas has a teaching position at El Reno, Okla.

O. M. Merriman has been advanced in salary and responsibility at Whiting, Ind. He is supervisor of manual arts. They do a good deal of vocational work.

Eber L. Moore says that his manual arts department at Bedford, Ind. has grown from one room to three during this year's work. He has introduced a course in stone drafting to meet the needs of the chief industry of his community.

Orville Oaks expects a new shop and new equipment for his work next fall at Rochelle, Ill.

Mary Purkhiser has been teaching at Newtonsville, Ohio.

Holland Roberts is located at Washington as student officer in the army medical school. He hopes to be sent to France soon.

Wilma Robi is teaching domestic science in the Grover Cleveland night school in St. Louis. She also retains her position in the Third National Bank.

Walter Schlagenhauf has charge of the manual arts department of the West High School at Akron, Ohio.

Beatrice Tucker is continuing her good work at the U. of Chicago. She is in the medical course.

J. Earnest Wagner is in charge of the vocational department of one of the high schools at Johnstown, Pa. He has organized a night course in aeroplane woodwork repairing for drafted men. This course is so successful that it has been copied in Philadelphia and other places.

Gertrude Schaperkotter has been taking a business course and is connected with the Illinois Glass Co. at Alton, Ill.

Harry V. Jones writes from Memphis, Tenn., where he is with the 160th aero squadron. He secured special training at Dunwoody Institute and has now been given a very responsible position as inspector of aeroplanes.

Norman Schneider is teaching in Rochester, Pa. He has enlisted in the industrial department and expects to enter the army soon.

Zoula Z. Abel is serving as principal of the Russellville, Ind., High School.

1917

Margaret Anderson is teaching domestic economy in the high school at Moline, Ill.

Margaret Burner attended Bradley during the first part of the school year but left to accept a position as teacher of Spanish and commercial English in the State Normal School at Whitewater, Wis.

Jennie Clark is dietitian at the Methodist Hospital, Peoria.

Dorothy Crowder is majoring in English at the U. of Chicago.

Grover Flaningam is made head of the manual drts department at Danville, Ill., for next year.

Janet Grant is teaching in the Washington School, Peoria.

Catherine I. Harrison went to the far west for a position. She is in the Academy at Provo, Utah.

Brainard Hatch is taking the electrical engineering work at the U. of Illinois.

Lowell Hazzard finds his work pleasant at Ohio Wesleyan.

Ormal Higgins has charge of the Welles Manual Training School, Watska, Ill. He expects to enter the army at the close of this school year.

Edna Ireton began teaching at Mediapolis, Iowa, but in January left for a better position at New London, Iowa. In February she was married to Harry A. Gabbert, assistant cashier of the Farmers Bank. Her husband is in the army and Mrs. Gabbert is still teaching.

June Kellar was married to Henry Grimes in December. Mr. Grimes has joined the navy and is located at Lake Bluff, Ill.

Harold Klepinger is an aeroplane mechanic at Fort Wood, N. Y., and expects soon to become a flyer. He expects to be sent to France at any time.

Ila M. Lee is having a fine year at the Township High School, DuQuoin, Illinois.

Ruth McClurg is teaching in her home town at Lima, Ohio.

Fanny Miller began the year teaching in North Dakota, and about in January secured a better position in the schools at Cornell, Iowa.

Irene Orr is taking a business course and is working at Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

Elizabeth Siegel is teaching a country school near Peoria.

Clara Reeverts is continuing her college work at Hope College, Holland, Mich. She will secure a Michigan state teachers' certificate. She is also teaching a class in algebra in the college academy.

Hazel Stewart has an excellent position at Colfax, Wash. She will remain next year at an increase of salary.

Harry Stephenson has gone to the far West, where he has a fine position in the industrial department in the State Normal School at Ellensburg, Wash.

Ruth Stoneburner is teaching music in Peoria.

Clara Tibbs is teaching Latin, English and German in the Glasford High School.

Florence Wagner has been in charge of a country school near Elmwood.

Phebe West taught during the early part of the year at Hopeville, Iowa. The school was closed later on account of an outbreak of smallpox.

Remda Westerman has charge of a school at Chillicothe, Ill.

Irene Wilson is in charge of the domestic science in the high school at Dunlap, Ill.

Frances Wood has secured a position in the Peoria city schools.

Margaret Wylie is having a successful year teaching domestic economy in the high school at Nogales, Ariz.

Charles Zaenglein is closing his first year of teaching at Circleville, Ohio. He will return to his home town next year at an increase of salary.

Harold A. Huntington has left his fine position at Dickinson, N. D., and is training in heavy artillery work, soon to be transferred to France. He is at Ft. Wright, N. Y.

Anita Ladd is a successful teacher of domestic economy at Louisville, Ky. In addition to her work with the city schools she is teaching dress-making in the Y. W. C. A.

Harry Rothwell left his position at Wilton Junction, Iowa, to join the navy service. He is now at Pensacola, Fla.

Mary Rice, 1900, has a year's leave of absence from her high school position in Denver and is assistant to the Director of the Bureau of Civilian Relief. This office has supervising and organizing work covering four states.

Edna L. Wilson, 1904, was married recently to Andrew J. Wolf and they are living at Freeburg, Ill.

John Bruninga, 1904, has just won a very important suit for a shoe machinery company at St. Louis. Bruninga has been specializing in patent work for some years.

Frederick F. Miller, 1907, Camp Logan, Houston, Texas, where he is first lieutenant in the medical reserve. He has been in active service since July.

Marguerite Hayward Wilson, 1908, has been devoting her time largely to army work this year, especially in teaching surgical dressings.

Erma Donathen, 1909, is connected with the city school system of Sacramento, Calif. Her work is largely in the high school and includes much Red Cross work.

Josephine Cantieny, 1910, has charge of the grade shops in one of the schools in Minneapolis.

Ruth Brenneman, 1911, has become dietitian at the Bronson Hospital, Kalamazoo, Mich. She had taken a two months preparatory course at Grace Hospital, Detroit, and later at Bellevue Hospital, New York City.

Lester Mason, 1911, is connected with the hospital corps school, Great Lakes.

Warren Hartz, 1911, is located in Pittsburg, Pa., teaching both day and evening classes.

Edna Fultz, 1911, is closing her work at Pomeroy, Wash., and expects to be in California next year.

Florence Meredith, 1912, is still connected with the Peck School of Domestic Science, New Orleans, La.

William B. Bolles, 1912, is teacher of machine shop work in Milwaukee Continuation School.

Robert L. Elliston, 1912, is first lieutenant in the medical reserve, U. S. A., base hospital No. 39. He was for a time an interne in the New Haven, Conn., hospital, and was one of the twelve physicians to go with the Yale unit to France.

Alma Manock, 1913, has been obliged to leave her school at Albuquerque, N. M., on account of ill health. She is now in California.

E. Marion Smith, 1913, receives the A. B. degree this June at Bryn Mawr College.

Harold Swan, 1913, enjoys his position at Coronado, Calif. He has been installing equipment for machine shop, forge and woodworking shops.

Grace E. Hadley, 1913, reports from Ishpeming, Mich., where she is teaching domestic economy. She expects soon to study at Teachers College.

Donald Strauch, 1915, received the B. S. degree in railway civil engineering in 1917 and is with the Fairbanks Co., East Moline, Ill. He was married in 1916 to Frances E. Woost.

Josephine MacKenzie, 1915, has a teaching position at Fortuna, N. D. Ethyl Guthrie, 1915, is continuing her teaching position at Pella, Iowa.

William Schoenike, 1915, expects to enter the army at the close of this school year. He is located in Cambridge, Ohio.

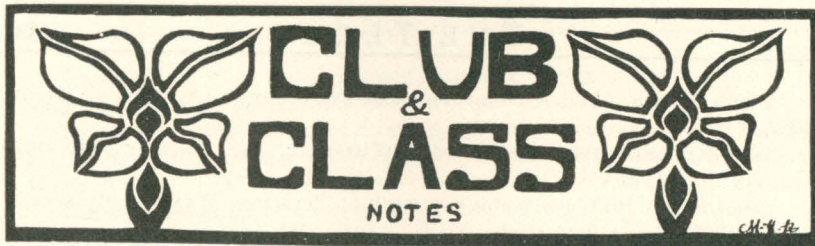
Ruth Allen, 1915, has accepted a position at Florence, Colo., and expects to remain there for the coming year.

William S. Cushing, 1915, is in his seventh year as teacher of manual training in a high school at Cincinnati, Ohio. He is president of the Miami Valley Industrial Arts Association.

J. H. Kuhl, Jr., a graduate of our engineering course, is now with a group of engineers somewhere in France.

Miss Elvine Lauve, 1917, has been very much pleased with her work in Forest Park University, St. Louis, during the past year.

Miss Ruth Rusche, 1916, has had charge of the cooking and sewing in the Eli Bates Settlement House, Chicago, during the past winter.



Edited by Booth Williamson.

AND IN CLOSING.

When the careless reader's eyes shall chance to fall on this little column, mistaking it for a patent medicine advertisement perhaps, many events will have occurred and will be occurring, not destined to be recorded and some persons will be doomed to go down in nameless obscurity merely because of the unwonted previousness of "as we go to press", and of the inexorable necessity of furnishing copy to the editor in time to hurry up the June issue a week or two.

If the editor may be pardoned a personal word, he would like to remark that during the past year it has been literarily extremely helpful, but financially considerably the opposite, to be a member of about every thing except the Y. W. C. A. and the Out of Town Girls' Club. When an organization extracts a nice new dollar from a member by way of dues and then holds two meetings only, we claim that it's plain graft, don't you? Even this is a helpful experience, however, and teaches us the gentle art of knowing how to be swindled gracefully and makes us swear never to fall into the trap again.

But why waste words? The past year has been more or less successful for the clubs, possibly less. Let us face the truth. There has been something lacking. You know what it is as well as I. It is real school spirit, a school spirit expressed in something more than a mere roof-raising yell by a perspiring multitude of wild-eyed students. Real school spirit is a genuine attitude of general fellowship observed and shared by all. Of course the war has had its effect but may we venture the suggestion that there are altogether too many clubs?

Perhaps we have already said too much. We have not meant to lapse into rank pessimism, but have said things which seemed to contain at least an element of truth.

HISTORY CLUB.

Picnics are the way in which city people attempt to get close to nature. There is often too much nature at a picnic, flies and cows and all that sort of thing, but everybody tries to be natural, often with great success, particularly if there are no utensils with which to handle the potato salad.

Such was the picnic enjoyed by members of History Club, Thursday, May twenty-third, only without flies, cows, etc., since it was held in that beautiful and sanitary place called Bradley Park where there are civilized benches and tables and other home comforts. There was plenty of potato salad and similar delicacies which vanished with marvelous rapidity. Who got that extra can of beans?

When all had sufficiently recovered from the feed to move about, they entered enthusiastically into a peculiar game known as New York, evidently first cousin to the more old fashioned charades and considerably more athletic. When this began to drag, the company adjourned to the Covey "flivver" and disappeared in a cloud of dust.

ARTS AND CRAFTS CLUB PICNIC.

On Thursday evening, May 23, the gentlemen members of the Arts and Crafts Club were entertained by the ladies at the Ringness Farm west of town. A pleasant meadow at the foot of a wooded slope made an attractive setting for the festivities.

The eats were placed on the regulation Arts and Crafts table-cloth spread upon the grass and, oh, boy! but those girls certainly know how to set up a feed!

After supper games were played and at the approach of dusk, songs were sung beside a blazing camp-fire.

The casualties of the occasion were light. Sterk had to put on tire chains to keep from skidding and Rogers had his skull fractured by a blow from a dipper (*aluminum*.)

At the last the boys gave three times three for the hostesses who had made such a well-enjoyed event possible. It is said the walks home in the twilight were much enjoyed also.

The chaperones were Miss Mickel, Mr. and Mrs. Wharry, and Mr. and Mrs. Humphrey.

For other literature upon this subject see excuse blanks for absences from 7:20 classes on Friday morning.

REMEMBER.

You have two ears and but one tongue, therefore hear twice as much as you speak.

Ann S.—"My but it's a cool day to be without stockings."

Ed. S. (in track suit)—"Why did you leave them off?"

WHAT'S THE USE?

"Dinah, did you wash this fish carefully before you baked it?"

"Law, ma'am, wot's de use ob washin' er fish dat's lived all his life in de watah?"

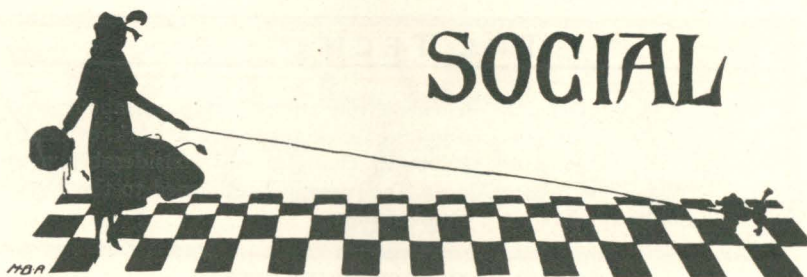
ONE ON HENRY.

"Why is the month of March like a Ford?"

"Just enough spring in it to make you tired."

Peacock—"Say, have you got fifty cents you'll loan me?"

On account of the reference in Hayes' one student from history class went into the library and asked for extracts from Straw.



Edited by Gertrude Hoagland.

A jolly crowd of girls and boys held an indoor picnic at the home of Robert McCormick, on Institute Place, May 12th. Later the guests attended the Orpheum. Those present were: Misses Mildred Leisy, Elizabeth Avery, Marian Reeves, Josephine Cowell, Marcella Disney, and Phyllis Maple. Messrs. Charles Bruniga, Landis Hayward, Wheeler McDougal, James Scott, Fritz Avery, and Robert McCormick.

Monday evening, May 13th, the Lambda Phi sorority held a sewing and business meeting at the home of Mrs. Ralph Lynch, on Roanoke Ave. Both actives and alumnae were present. After the sewing was completed, light refreshments were served.

The active chapter of the Alpha Pi fraternity and its faculty advisor were guests of David Dunlop at a dinner held at the University Club, Monday evening, May 13th. The guests included Dr. Packard, Leonard Putnam, Maynard Stureman, Reginald Packard, Jay Covey, Graham Battles, and Dean Battles.

Lambda Phi held an active chapter meeting at the home of Miss Gertrude Hoagland on Parkside Drive, Tuesday, May 14th. Light refreshments were served.

Wednesday noon, May 15th, some of the Senior girls of Bradley took their lunch out to Bradley Park and spent the noon hour having a good time. The girls enjoying this stunt were: Emily Bennett, Florence Coale, Pauline Pollard, Mabel Kersey, Olga Godel, and Ulla Graner.

Miss Gladys Glasgow was initiated into Lambda Phi at the home of Miss Doris Peterson, May 15th. After the initiation, a dinner was served. Both alumnae and actives were present.

The Lambda Phi sorority began the rushing season this spring with a dance at the Country Club. The club was prettily decorated with wild flowers of many kinds. The dance lasted from nine o'clock until one o'clock, and at eleven o'clock a dainty two-course supper was served to the sorority members and their guests. Those who danced to the strains of Hoffman's orchestra, were: Honor guests: Misses Gretchen Hulsebus, Onita Lutz, Miriam Bass, Leatha Houghton, and Ruth Whalen; Messrs. and Mesdames Ralph A. Lynch, Howard Adams, Misses Ruth Hoagland, Marian Threshie, Helen Hadfield, Louise Hoagland, Marjorie Rhoades, Gertrude Hoagland,

Hermabelle Hanson, Helen Paul, Vinnie Paul, Olga Dauber, Marguerite Galbraith, Gladys Glasgow, Marian Hadfield, Gladys Hanna, Ahna Wieting, Doris Peterson, Marjorie Fell, Martha Kasjens, Fern Karr, Moselle Kinch, Ruth Hayward, and Marian Covey. Lieutenants Parham, Le Graf (France), (U. S.), Young, Bornstein, Rymer, Atwood; Messrs. Orwood Campbell, Frank Bruniga, Karl Kasjens, Franklin Barthel, Loughton Paul, Guy Luke, Morris Hayward, R. Glasgow, Castle Zartman, Bob Lackland, Donald Weidler, John Lee, John Williams, Fred Morrison, Leonard Putnam, Wyman Hunter, and Carl Griesser.

On Friday evening, May 17th, Omicron Tri Kappa held their annual indoor picnic at Bradley Park pavillion. Over fifty Omicrons were present, including the alumnae and active chapters. They had as their guests: Misses Ruth Whalen, Muriel Morgan, Miriam Mitchell, Onita Lutz, Elizabeth McIlvaine, Leda Wysong, and Margaret Turnbull.

Miss Adeline Wyatt was initiated into the Delta Kappa sorority, Friday evening, May 17th, at the home of Miss Mary Jo Vandenburg.

The active chapter of the Omicron Tri Kappa sorority held a meeting at the home of Miss Florence Zimmermann, Tuesday, May 14th.

The Delta Kappa's began their series of rushing stunts with a luncheon at the Creve Coeur Club, Saturday, May 18th. The table was prettily decorated with pink carnations. Each honor guest received a corsage of pink sweet-heart roses and sweet peas. After the luncheon the party motored to the Bradley track meet. Covers were laid for: Misses Oneitz Lutz, Leda Wysong, Gretchen Hulsebus, Alma Goodrich, Leatha Houghton, Berniece Boblett, Josephine Miles, Mary Jo Vandenberg, Verniece Goodrich, Anne Sutton, Evelyn Wendell, Louise Chandler, Adeline Wyatt, Lois Wysong, Mary Misner, Geraldine Mars, Ruth Drysdale, and Miriam Horwitz.

Saturday afternoon, May 18th, after accompanying the P. D.'s on one of their eight-mile morning hikes and enjoying a delightful breakfast at Vera McClallen's, a party of girls attended the track meet. Those who enjoyed the affair were: Ulla Graner, Olga Godel, Mabel Kersey, Pauline Pollard, Florence Coale, and Emily Bennett.

The Alpha Pi's gave a steak fry in the woods north of Rome, on the Mount Holly road, Sunday, May 19th. Afterwards all joined in playing "Ducky on the Rock," and other amusements. Those present were: Guests: Harry Gordon, Donald Hayward, Jack Field, Clarence Wynd, John Lee, John Taylor, Edwin Sommers, Alvin Sommers, Leslie Gage, J. Cary, and Herbert White. Fraternity men: Leonard Putnam, Maynard Stureman, David Dunlop, Reginald Packard, Jay Covey, Harry Brady, Graham Battles, and Dean Battles.

Tuesday evening, May 21st, the Sigma Phi fraternity and guests enjoyed an Orpheum party, afterwards adjourning to the fraternity rooms, spending the remainder of the evening in a very enjoyable manner.

The Lambda Phi's entertained their "rushees" with a delightful stunt at the Kickapoo Club, Wednesday, May 22nd. The affair was carried out informally, with picnic "eats" and picnic games. Everyone enjoyed themselves immensely. Those present were: Miriam Bass, Gretchen Hulsebus, Dorothy Cannon, Oneida Lutz, Leatha Houghton, Lennarie Norton, Gertrude Hoagland, Gladys Hanna, Marian Hadfield, Marian Covey, Ahna Wieting, Moselle Kinch, Marjorie Fell, and Sarah Chase.

The Seniors and faculty of Bradley Institute and the officers of Camp Bradley were the guests of Dr. and Mrs. T. C. Burgess, Friday evening, May 24th, when they entertained at their annual party for Seniors in the chapel hall. An excellent vaudeville program was arranged for the guests, which was not only full of infectious patriotic spirit, but every number of which was a stellar attraction.

The hall was decorated with a profusion of American flags and large bowls of iris and gladiola. These also graced the long table from which refreshments were served in buffet style late in the evening.

Receiving with Dr. and Mrs. Burgess before the entertainment were: Miss Mary Blossom, Miss Helen Day, and Mr. Albert Siepert, members of the faculty. About two hundred guests were present and the affair was one of the most delightful and thoroughly enjoyed that has been given at Bradley Hall for some time.

The Delta Kappa sorority entertained its "rushees" with a chafing dish supper at the Laura Cottage, Friday evening, May 24th. The stunt was called a "Black-eyed Susan," which savored of something new and mysterious. The hostesses were the Misses Mildred McCoy, Anne Sutton, and Janice Gillen, the three sorority members who live at the dormitory. The hostesses' guests included: Misses Gretchen Hulsebus, Oneida Lutz, Leatha Houghton, Leda Wysong, Alma Goodrich, Verneice Goodrich, Geraldine Mars, Ruth Drysdale, Adaline Wyatt, Evelyn Wendell, Josephine Miles, Lois Wysong, Berneice Boblett, Mary Misner, Louise Chandler, and Miriam Horwitz.

The Lambda Phi sorority entertained their honor guests, Saturday afternoon, May 25th. The party took place in the home of the Misses Hoagland, on Parkside Drive and the tallies, candles, and decorations in general were carried out in the patriotic idea. Those who played during the afternoon were: Honor guests: Misses Gretchen Hulsebus, Lennarie Norton, Dorothy Cannon, Miriam Bass, Grace Hayward, Oneida Lutz, Leatha Houghton; Mesdames. Ralph Lynch, Harold Lynch, Ed. Lidle, Howard Adams; Sorority members: Misses Marguerite Galbraith, Marjorie Rhoades, Ruth Stoneburner, Marian Covey, Olga Dauber, Ruth Hayward, Gertrude Hoagland, Moselle Kinch, Florence Cutright, Los Cutright, Bertha Sucher,

Helen Paul, Vinnie Paul, Helen Hadfield, Ruth Shockley, Helen Oates, Marian Threshie, Martha Kasjens, Mildred McCormick, Ruth Hoagland, Louise Hoagland, Ahna Wieting, Sarah Chase, Marjorie Fell, Doris Peterson, Gladys Glasgow, Gladys Hanna, Marian Hadfield.

The Omicron Tri Kappa sorority entertained its guests on Saturday, May 25th, at a very unique progressive party. The different features were held at the homes of the Misses Florence Zimmermann, Clarissa Wiggins, and Frances Beecher. The guests were: Misses Ruth Whalen, Miriam Mitchell, Elizabeth McIlvaine, Leda Wysong, Onieda Lutz, Margaret Turnbull, and Muriel Morgan.

The Delta Kappa sorority gave a Wagtail Picnic, the 25th of May. This meant a picnic—wagon, horses, ukeleles, impromptu stunts, big "eats" and fun galore for the rushees and members of Delta Kappa.

On Saturday evening the Sigma Phi fraternity gave a delightful little dance at the Holly studio.

Beta Sigma Mu fraternity answered the call of the out doors, Sunday, May 26th, by having a steak fry in honor of their "rushes" in the hills and woods on the Galena road. Those who left early that morning to enjoy the day were: Messrs. H. A. Vonachen, C. A. Shamel, Fred Damman, Leslie Earnst, George Heidrichs, Wallace Snyder, Edward Ryan, Harry Gordon, Ed Sommers, H. Dayton, Frank Whalen, Sidney Goodner, Dick Shamel, Henry Gilbert, Milo Shepherdson, Loy Luke, Ben Plummer, James Keith, Albert Sommers, Dwight Ernest, Harold Allen.

On Memorial Day, the Delta Kappas had a patriotic rally picnic in honor of their "rushees": Misses Oneida Lutz, Leda Wysong, Gretchen Hulsebus, Leatha Houghton, and Alma Goodrich.

The "rushees" and members of Sigma Phi enjoyed a hike and wiener roast on Memorial Day, May 30th.

The Beta Sigma Mu fraternity men gave their annual spring dance in the gold room of the Jefferson Hotel, Friday evening, May 31st, and the dancers had a very delightful time as usual. The dance was informal and the fraternity colors were much in evidence in the decorative scheme. The officers at Camp Bradley and the "rushes" were the guests of honor.

Lambda Phi entertained her "rushees" with a camouflage party, Friday, May 31st. This affair was most delightful and enjoyed by all those present.

Miss Mary Misner entertained the "rushees" and members of Delta Kappa at a bridge tea, Saturday, June 1st.

On June 1st, the Omicron Tri Kappa sorority entertained with a "Back to Nature" hike. A number of alumnae, active chapter, and "rushees" were present.

The alumnae of Delta Kappa entertained in honor of the "rushees," Tuesday, June 4th.

On June 7th and 8th, the Omicron Tri Kappa sorority and "rushees" had two festive days at the Country Club.

The Sigma Phi fraternity gave a stunt up the river, on June 7th and 8. The affair was given in honor of the "rushes" and everyone present had a very enjoyable time.

The alumnae and actives of the Lambda Phi sorority entertained their "rushees" at their annual spring luncheon at the Creve Coeur Club, Saturday noon, June 8th. The table was decorated in sorority colors and the "rushees" received lovely bouquets.

The Delta Kappa's will close the rushing season with their annual spring dinner-dance at the Jefferson Hotel, Monday, June 10th.

The Sigma Phi fraternity will give their annual year-end stunt, Friday, June 14th.

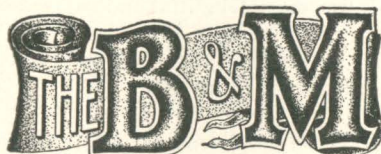
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The boys who like the outdoor sports of summer, tennis, golf, fishing, canoeing and the one hundred and one other things young men like to do, will find this store a boon in helping them to make selections in appropriate apparel for summer and outing wear.

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Call at the College Men's and High School Chaps Clothes Shop---the second floor.



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ATHLETICS



Editor Dean Battles

ATHLETIC DIRECTORY.

<i>Captain</i>	<i>Sport</i>	<i>Manager</i>
E. Doubet	Football	Harry Brady
H. Vonachen	Basketball	Philip Becker
E. Doubet	Baseball	C. Salzenstein
Not chosen	Track	Dean Battles
None	Inter-Mural	Herbert White
None	Tennis	Donald Murphy

ATHLETIC BOARD OF CONTROL.

Faculty.

Theodore C. Burgess
Jos. S. Bickle
Fred C. Brown
Verne F. Swain

Student Body.

Lower Academy, Robt. McCormick
Higher Academy, Vacant
College, F. Becker
Girls A. A., R. Hayward

Horological, Vacant

Alumni

Edward F. Stock

ENTRIES IN THE INTERCOLLEGIATE TRACK MEET.

Track.

Blackburn
Bradley
Eastern Normal
Illinois College

Eureka
McKendree
Millikin
Wesleyan

Tennis.

Students—

Blackburn
Bradley
Eastern Normal
Illinois
Hedding
Millikin
Wesleyan

Faculty—

Augustana
Bradley
Charleston
Eureka
Hedding
Millikin

Golf.

Hedding
Bradley
Millikin
Wesleyan

Bradley
Hedding
Millikin
Wesleyan

TRACK RESULTS.

	1	2	3
100-yard dash.....	Illinois	Illinois	Millikin
220-yard dash.....	Illinois	Millikin	Millikin
440-yard dash.....	Millikin	Illinois	Bradley
880-yard run.....	McKendree	Eureka	Illinois
Mile run.....	Illinois	Eureka	Bradley
120-yard hurdles.....	Illinois	Blackburn	Wesleyan
220-yard hurdles.....	Illinois	Wesleyan	Blackburn
Discus.....	Eureka	Millikin	Millikin
Pole vault.....	Illinois	Millikin	Wesleyan
High jump.....	Illinois	Bradley	Millikin
Broad jump.....	Illinois	Millikin	Bradley
Javelin.....	Bradley	Millikin	Illinois
Shot put.....	Eureka	Millikin	Illinois
Relay.....	Illinois	Bradley	Millikin

TRACK.

This year there was a smaller entry list than ever before in the Inter-collegiate Meet. Notwithstanding this fact the meet proved a great success and was very interesting.

For several weeks it had been known that Millikin and Illinois had strong teams and it was a question who would come out on top. As a matter of fact, Illinois had a far superior team and placed in all but one event.

It had been thought by some that Bradley had little chance of placing, but the men kept up hope and copped off third place leaving Eureka fourth. Bradley's most successful star was Hartman, who threw the javelin one hundred and fifty feet one inch. He had been working hard and was a surprise to everybody.

One of the most interesting events was the relay in which Bradley won second place, thus defeating Millikin. By winning this we beat Eureka out of third place.

TENNIS.

This year an unusually successful tennis tournament was held, both for the faculty and students.

In the student matches Kamman won his first match with flying colors, but on account of playing so much beforehand was defeated in his second round.

In doubles Murphy and Shehan got into the finals by good playing but were unable to beat the team from Millikin.

In the faculty matches, in singles Mr. Martin showed up several good players by his skill and defeated Mr. Ridgley of Millikin, who felt the loss greatly.

In doubles our team made up of Coaches Martin and Brown defeated all of their opponents without any mercy. They got into the finals with little

trouble and finally won the championship.

The school tennis tournament is as yet unfinished.

GOLF.

The golf tournament in connection with the Intercollegiate Meet was a new thing but proved very interesting. There were several schools entered and there were some good scores turned in. The faculty championships went to a visiting school.

In the student division we were represented by Shorty Salzenstein and Bob McCormick. They defeated several teams, one of which was Wesleyan, and by excellent playing won the championship with McCormick holding the lowest score.

The automobile is rapidly dividing mankind into the two classes, the quick and the dead.

For the Summer Time Miss

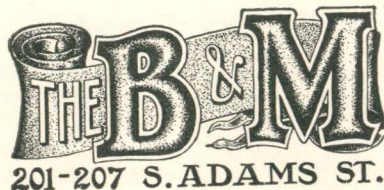
Cool and airy frocks.

There are thousands of them! Beautiful, dainty, crispy creations designed by men who know what comfort, grace and sheer beauty in a frock really is.

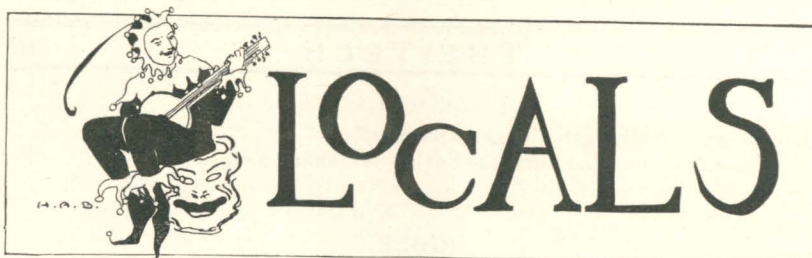
You will be delighted with the large assortments girls---assortments which are unequalled in Peoria.

We take pleasure in showing these because of the pleasure you will take in seeing them.

The Women's and Misses Apparel Shop---third floor.



Nothing but standardized steps and dances, THE HOLLY STUDIO, 309 S. Jefferson Ave.



Edited by Herbert B. White and Nina Keith.

Sister Sadie's now a bell-hop
In a swell hotel;
Cousin Lucy drives a taxi,
So does Annabel.

Mother runs an elevator,
Aunt Jane carries mail,
Grandma's busy guarding aliens
In the county jail.

When the cruel war is ended
And the boys come back,
Wonder who will rock the cradle—
Jill or Jack?

Adelaide—"My uncle's got a wooden leg."
Ged—"That's nothing. My sister's got a cedar chest."

Casey—"Finnegan got his loife insured last May an' he's dead so quick."
Cassidy—"Sure, he must have had a pull wid de insurance company."

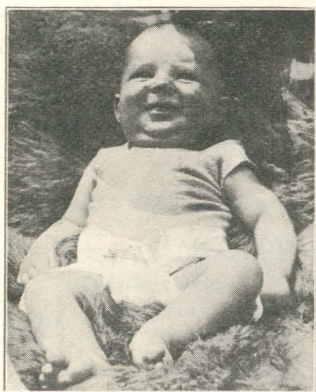
Dave—"Say, Bud, know what keeps the bricks together?"
Bud—"Why, the mortar, of course."
Dave—"Shusaynot. That's what keeps them apart."

PLAY IN FOUR ACTS.

Act One—Mary Ann.
Act Two—Kitchen fire.
Act Three—Gasoline.
Act Four—Golden lyre.

Poor Man (to Walt)—"Give me ten cents for a bed, sir?"
Walt—"Let's see the bed."

Call Main 4002, THE HOLLY STUDIO, for private parties.



Why Jay Boy, who would ever have thought that you were once a cave man living in bear skins and eating such delicate morsels as worms, ants and bugs. You may say what you please, Jay, but you can't deny that this is you and moreover you are in your bearskin (soda speak) and the fatness of your former self shows that you were a high liver.

We gain the impression from this picture that you had packed your old kit bag and now you are able to smile, smile, smile. Jay, if it were not for that smile of yours this good old school would be a mighty gloomy place, so keep up the good work, old man, stick to

the ship jollity and see the pretty mermaids as they dive and swim about you uttering glad exclamations. But; let Satan tempt you not my boy, and stay on the rock out of reach of some of these girls. Jay, you have done yourself proud, my boy to pose for such an exact likeness. Let not thy dimpled feet be led astray for such is the command of thy Father in heaven. Ah, Covey.

Ho—"Yes, she has at last promised to marry me."

Mrs. W.—"Well, don't come to me for sympathy. You ought to have known that something would happen to you, hanging around there five evenings out of every week."

Money, Matrimony, Mystery, Mastery—A woman's life.

PHILOSOPHY.

If you go with one girl you are married—if you go with several you are a heart-breaker.

If you try to spoon with the girls you are a cad—if you don't you are slow.

If you don't patronize all college activities, you have no pep—if you do you are soon broke.

If you go in for athletics you are wasting your time—if you don't you are lazy.

If you study you are a grind—if you don't you are a loafer.

You can't please everybody, Archibald—it can't be did!—Ex.

Lives of Seniors all remind us

We should strive to do our best,

And departing leave behind us

Notebooks that will help the rest.

Dick Bradley makes good clothes. 135 S. Jefferson Avenue.

Circulation
All
Over

The Mocking Bird

Circulation
Next Year
Fair and
Warmer

VOL. 1

Bradley, June, 1918.

No. 7

GRADUATES WILL LEAVE SCHOOL

BOOKS TO BE TURNED IN.

HOT WEATHER!

HOT EXAMS!

DEBTS TO BE PAID.

HOT HEADS!

HOT DOG!

Elmer A. Sloan, Valedictorian.

The multitude of restless students are preparing to stampede at the end of the school year.

We wish to congratulate little Elmer on the noble work that he has performed. We are sorry that we have not room to quote some of Elmer's cute sayings, but he is honored by having his picture in this issue.



Elmer is such a nice boy; all the rest of the pupils like him so much that we are sorry to see him leave. The entire class did well considering everything.

Mr. Owens, Mr. John Taylor, Mr. Battles, Mr. Zartman, and Miss Hedstrom are all in a serious state of mind. Mr. Owens was seen to kneel down and offer a prayer just before taking his hardest Exam. They say that exercise of the body strengthens the mind. Mr. Taylor takes the liberty to exercise his pony early every morning.

The rest also are taking precautions against failure.

NOTICE.

Mr. O. J. Campbell states that he has finished operations against a poor Hunish cat.

Enlisted as third class rubbish circulation worth 100c on the dollar.

We, the students, beg that we may be provided with a shortage of paper on Exam. days.

US.

Ann Sutton.....Editor
 Harry Gordon.....Chauffeur
 Janice Gillan.....Stenographer
 Walter Brunswick....Business Mgr.

EDITORIALS.

A Soldier's Farewell.

A Soldier lad,
 A pretty Miss,
 A parting sad,
 A sudden kiss;

An upturned face,
 A tear dimmed eye
 A swift embrace,
 A thundrous sigh;

A call to fight,
 A fond farewell,
 Sherman was right—
 This war is hell.

By Clara Colean.

We of this department wish to condemn the student body for their hearty participation in the welfare of the Tech. You have not done your share. Wake up. You can't last in business at your present stride nor in married life. Give public matters your personal support.

REVISED.

According to Mr. Emerson Smith everything that happened before Christ took place in British Columbia.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

1. If a husband and wife are only one, how does it take two to make a quarrel?
2. Wash your hands clean before washing potatoes and cutting bread.
3. Raise goats to consume all heretofore waste tin cans, paper boxes, old socks, etc.

WANT ADS.

TO LET—One heart, all usual appendages. For particulars inquire of Mr. _____.

WANTED—A diploma at half price.
 —H. R. Gordon.

LOST—Four pounds. Return to Ruth Whalen.

FOR SALE—My entire collection of Latin translations and prose papers.—John Taylor.

Bathing Suits	Shirts
Reduced	Laundered
To almost nothing at Home.	In the rear of 10 Nut St.

Welte & Wieting

JEWELERS AND OPTICIANS.

112 S. Adams St.

Peoria, Ill.

ON HIS SUMMER TRIP.

"Are the sheets damp?" asked Dean.

"No," said the maid, "but we can sprinkle 'em for you if you like."

A Russian Jew wanted to become an American citizen. Here is some of his naturalization blank:

Name—Joseph Sevinsky.

Born—Yes.

Business—Rotten.

He—"Do you think a girl should learn to love before twenty?"

She—"Nope. Too large an audience."

Tourist—"And how is the milkmaid?"

The Maid—" 'Tain't made, you silly! It's drawn from the cow."

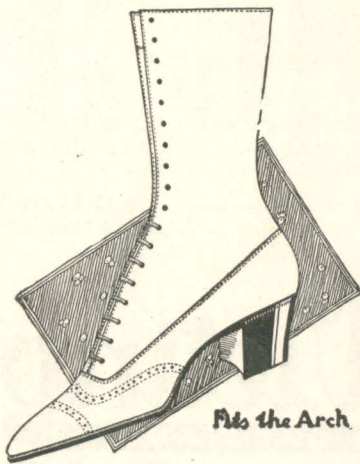
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Fit the Arch

**MILITARY
BOOTS**

**FOR
DRESS AND SCHOOL
WEAR**

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111 North Jefferson Avenue

“For You a Mower”

A complete line at prices that will suit the most fastidious

HIGH TIME FOR FLY TIME

Screen Doors and Windows

We will also cut screen wire to any size required.

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“Wares that Wear.”

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FINE CANDIES AND ICE CREAM

Light Luncheons a Specialty

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Opposite Postoffice

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SILK CAPS

THAT ARE WINNERS

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See them at

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Compliments of

ORPHEUM THEATRE

PEORIA'S VAUDEVILLE PALACE

and

MAJESTIC THEATRE

PEORIA'S PERFECT PLAYHOUSE

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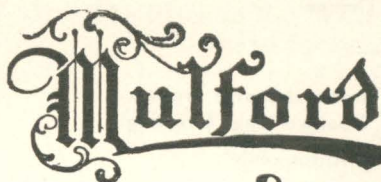
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